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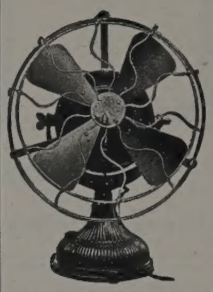

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VOLUME LXII | THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1908 | NUMBER 6

COMPENSATION.

Musing of Spring, I walked the woodland ways
Homesick for violets 'mid the Autumn's blaze,
Wishing the year young,
While Indian Summer flung
Against the far faint hills her veil of purple haze.

When suddenly I caught an azure gleam,
And in long ranks beside the sleeping stream
The blue-fringed gentians stood
And glorified the wood,
Lovely as flowers bloom to charm a poet's dream.

What satin texture! What a heavenly blue!
What silken fringes holding tears of dew!
The sea, the summer skies,
Nor young Love's brimming eyes,
Have ever shown such deep, such dear delicious blue.

—*Mrs. McVean Adams.*

And now it is Islam that is being reformed. A modernistic movement among the Mohammedans is interestingly spoken of in the *Literary Digest* of October 23. Perhaps the great faith of Arabia is to have its renaissance. Once it championed the sciences, and in that bright day of its history threatened to conquer Europe. Great things are to be expected in unexpected ways and places in these days!

In the installation of a son of President Garfield as president of Williams College there is more than poetic fitness. May other young men verify the oft-quoted dictum of the good president: "The essentials of a university could be realized on a log in the woods if Mark Hopkins sat at one end and the student at the other. Now his boy Harry sits in the Hopkins seat. May many boys have new reasons for glorifying the log.

We are facing a year of great anniversaries. On December ninth occurs the ter-centennial of Milton's birth; February three, the centennial of Mendelssohn's; February the twelfth, of Lincoln's and Darwin's; August sixth, Tennyson's; August twenty-ninth, Oliver Wendell Holmes'; December twenty-eighth, Gladstone's. Surely nature was fecund a hundred years ago, producing a rare crop in the higher fields. The directors of the "Old South" work in Boston, with characteristic energy, are preparing to celebrate these days with becoming observances. To this end Edwin D. Mead is editing a series of historical leaflets fitting to the occasions. Teachers, preachers and parents will do well to order the same. Address Old South Meeting House, Boston, Mass.

In the face of so much reaction in many quarters from which aggressive progress might be expected concerning the color question, based on what purports to be the facts in the case, it is refreshing to come upon this indirect testimony on the other side, taken from a private letter from a thoughtful and observing minister:

"I am here among the mountains of Jamaica, West Indies, seeing no faces but black.

"These blacks, the descendants of slaves, are a happy peasantry, never knowing real want, and criminal only in the petty crimes—such as stealing bananas, etc. Except for taxation, the vice of British rule, they are well governed by being little governed. No trouble at all between the whites and blacks—a seemingly easy marriage between the races without prejudice—here a kind of negro paradise in a way. That shame on Abraham Lincoln's town impossible here; but there is no boil of the human pot here in its strenuous mixture of races as in our own beloved land. Better on the firing line of the race's progress, as you are, with short life and having to run away from the weather once in a while, than a cycle of Jamaica."

"By the Way." This is the title of one more little monthly—a personal booklet—put forth by George N. Abbott, 356 Dearborn street. It shows a disposition to specialize along the humanities and to write up with care and fidelity the settlement and institutional work of Chicago. The September number devotes twenty-one out of its forty pages to the work of the Chicago Commons and Graham Taylor—an admirable exhibit. The November number—number three in the series—gives fifteen pages to a detailed exhibit of the work of the Abraham Lincoln Centre and its activities, carefully compiled from authoritative sources, an admirable condensed statement, perhaps the best available at the present time. It also contains a list of Chicago's social settlements, which contains some twenty-seven titles. *By the Way* is an interesting venture. It ought to succeed and is well worth the ten cents per copy or the dollar per year.

We print elsewhere an account of the celebration of the centennial of religious journalism. *The Herald of Gospel Liberty* is still comparatively an obscure paper and it may be suspected of exerting but a small influence upon American life, but the title of it is statement, argument and conclusion. It led in a great advance; a potent brood followed it, but *"Religious Journalism"* as understood by these celebrants perhaps reached its climax in the nineteenth century. During that century religion became so aggressive in public intelligence that it demanded discussion broader than the pulpit could afford, and the press was enlisted. In the twentieth century the specifically religious journal, particularly the denominational journal and the legalized organ will have a hard time of it. The great questions of religion have been taken up by the great organs of thought and love and put

where they belong, in connection with other questions. The daily press, the magazine and the larger weeklies are now discussing the questions that last century were confined to the denominational organs, greatly to the advantage of the public and the efficiency of the discussion.

The temptations to "leave the ministry" to a man of spirit in the pulpit in these days of small and uncertain salaries, careless parishioners and conflicting creeds, is very great, but the other alternative is also a grewsome one, and a man who has tasted the joys of thought, the inspirations of study and other consolations of altruism, may well hesitate before he plunges into the wilder maelstrom of commercial competition, the relentless grind of business and the tasteless rewards of financial conquests, or the still more depressing experiences of financial discouragement and defeat. Here is the voice as of one from the dead, who several years ago abandoned the fight in the pulpit, but, as will be seen, failed to find the peace sought for:

"I am still often haunted with the desire to get back into spiritual work, having some regrets that I left it, fretting too much under its hampering conditions. More persuaded am I than ever before of the value of religion—deeply, finally persuaded of that, the simplest, undogmatic religion of work and worship—a confidence in the absolute loving just centered in every atom and action of the universe, smiling its triumph through all the seeming ill, and a strong conviction that death is but a transition and no final shadow at all; that the great God-service is man-service; that the only sin against God is a sin against man, and the only forgiveness on heaven or earth, the righting of the wrongs we do each other. Speculation? Of course. It is like a sky in which to grow. But never hardened into dogma, for that is death. If only the preachers knew the simplest things the people hunger and yearn for, and gave them, there would be a new birth of the church."

Why can't a man be allowed to speak plain words concerning vice and viciousness in the city of his home without being accused of disloyalty and labeled as an unpatriotic critic? The true citizen is sensitive to the shortcomings of his city as of his nation. Graham Taylor is the last victim because he would tell the truth—in print—which is patent to all astute observers. He was accused of the sin of fault-finding, and we are glad that the gentle and genial head of Chicago Commons got a little mad and spoke his mind once more in print again, to the profit of his city. He said in part:

"Whenever and wherever I have spoken of Chicago I have claimed that it has the best city council, the best parks and playgrounds, the best Juvenile and Municipal courts, some of the best schools, the best department of health, the best traffic squad of police, the most independent electorate and the greatest future of any city in the United States. No written or spoken word of mine can be cited to the contrary during the fifteen years of my citizenship.

"But I have said frequently, and said again last Friday evening, that the city is grossly misrepresented and defamed by the inefficiency and disingenuousness of those responsible for a police administration which not only fails to suppress but protects flagrant vice; which permitted the white slave trade to be so openly conducted that the federal government was appealed to for the protection of immigrant women, which was quickly and effectively accomplished by United States marshals under the vigorous direction of United States District Attorney Sims; an administration which compels private citizens to protect young girls and the family life of their neighborhoods from the peril of vicious resorts by their own vigilance, personal complaints and reluctant criticism of the police. Among those who have been thus forced to do police duty for which the taxpayers liberally pay Chief Shippy and his inspectors are some of Chicago's most respected and influential citizens, including many of its most efficient working pastors of both the Catholic and Protestant churches in different parts of the city.

"In thus protesting against this police administration which disgraces the city not only by such connivance with crime, but by such infamous scenes as those connected with the Stanton avenue and Kensington police districts, I have said nothing that has not been reiterated and abundantly confirmed in the news and editorial columns of every reputable newspaper in the city. In so doing, however, I have not judged the character of the city by the maladministration of its police, but on the contrary I have cited the good things in the city's public life and work to prove the unworthiness of its police administration.

"Although quite accustomed to misrepresentation, and willing to give and take in the struggle with earnest men who honestly differ, I cannot maintain the silence which I have never before broken under personal attack, because my loyalty to the city I love and have ever tried hard to serve is now called in question by the intimation that I am or could be its detractor."

The Hungry School Children in Chicago

We are told that five thousand hungry children are attending public school in Chicago, who go without breakfast; that ten thousand under-fed children are on the school rolls in our city. This is the careful estimate of scrupulous investigators in an official report. And this in the heart of the Mississippi valley! This at a time when the granaries are over-crowded, and the products of field and garden go begging for purchasers! At a time when the markets are low from over-production! This at a time when manufacturers and bankers are gleefully predicting a prompt return of prosperity and boastfully exhibiting the figures of increasing deposits and expanding exchanges!

What ought we to do about it? There is great danger that the weakest, wickedest thing possible will be done, because it is the easiest; viz.: To let the lazy, over-fed, under-worked, indulgent children of prosperity, pricked into temporary shame, pour out their soup-house charities in the congested and hungry districts. This would be mediæval benevolence; it blights both the receiver and the giver; it bargains for greater wretchedness ahead.

Give five thousand children their breakfasts, either from private or public charity, in October; the same children will cry for a dinner also in December, and before the winter is over the fathers and mothers as well as the school children will form grewsome lines waiting for the bread wagon to appear.

No hungry child will present himself at a school room door in Chicago whose case is not capable of investigation and the cause for which could not be more or less promptly discovered and lovingly remedied. Everybody knows that a painful number of these children are hungry because their bread money has been converted into beer money. The brewers and the distillers of Chicago have deposited in the banks the money that might have nourished these children.

Another percentage of these children can be traced into homes where there is no money for either beer

or bread. Alas for the children of parents whose capacity for earning is gone! They have been debauched by the mug and the pipe, twin poisons that debilitate the nerves and weaken the wills and make men old before their time.

There is still another percentage of these ten thousand under-fed children in the public schools of Chicago which, if followed to their homes, will be revealed as victims of economic injustice. They are children of hard-working men who have been underpaid; men who are fixed factors in the industrial life of Chicago, who have been thrown out of a job by the emergencies of vicious financiering and plunging capitalists. Their employers have saved their bank deposits perchance by shutting down the mill or reducing the wages, regardless of the moral claim of these fathers, their unrecognized partners in the business, who have built homes, reared children, invested their lives in the trades,—these skilled laborers, indispensable factors in the business in the control of which they have no voice, and to which in dire crises they must look for aid and relief.

Now, by whatever means this hunger has come about, whether it be by the misuse of wages or an incapacity to earn wages, brought on by dissipation and debauchery, or a lack of opportunity to exchange honest sweat for honest bread, there is but one course of action worthy a great city, and that is to trace the hunger to its fell source and there apply the remedies, there bring to bear the cleansing and renovating stream of civic power, private benevolence, and the redeeming enthusiasm of religion.

Let no one be paralyzed by the magnitude of the job. It is not too big an undertaking. There is time, money and skill enough to undertake this thorough and radical work. Consequently let no one think that there is nothing left but to do a little emergency work and order out the sandwich wagon. Too big a task for such a great city with its mighty enginery of associated charities, settlement activities, its two thousand ministers, its five thousand or more teachers in public service, the primal task of every one of whom is to uplift the city? ONLY ten thousand hungry children in a city of two and a half millions! There is only one hungry child to every two hundred and fifty inhabitants! How slight the task!

But even this slight task is too great for a city of barbarians; that is, a city of unorganized, segregated, disintegrated, detached individuals, distrustful of one another, unaccustomed to co-operative action, dull to public interest, careless of common weal; but it is an easy task to a civilized community, an organized brotherhood, citizens who are through with the Cain-like evasion of responsibility and have learned that they are their brother's keepers and who, bending themselves to the task of brotherly service, are no longer taunted by the cry that comes up from the earth.

Centennial Exercises of the First Religious Newspaper

Perhaps some of the readers of UNITY may be interested in the one hundredth anniversary of the oldest religious newspaper in the world, the *Herald of Gospel Liberty*, which was celebrated at Portsmouth, N. H., September 15-17. On September 1, 1808, Elias Smith, a Christian minister, published a paper in which he said, "A religious newspaper is almost a new thing under the sun; I know not but this is the first ever published to the world." It was, or at least the only one that has lived to this day. The name is symbolical of its reason for existence and its purpose is continuing. Near the beginning of the eighteenth century, without doubt moved by the political ideas of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, which were then in the air, some independent spirits became dissatisfied with the old churches. The Methodists in the South became impatient with their hierarchy, Presbyterians in the West wrote the last will and testament of the Springfield Presbytery, and Baptists in the East burst through the exclusiveness. They came out desiring liberty and union of all Christians. Much to their surprise these three bodies heard of each other, and the Christian denomination was born as a natural product of the New World. And from the New England branch, of course, had to come the religious newspaper, a great innovation for that time. The idea was not original to a minister, for a layman, Congressman Wilber, of Little Compton, R. I., suggested this to Smith, but the desire for freedom was so strong in Smith that he feared he would not be entirely free to write as he pleased if another owned the paper. Smith was in his day a radical and, above all, honest. He was the despair of conservative thinking and conservative acting folk. What could they do with a man who became a Universalist four times and then changed his mind? But the world is made up of different people, with some who scorn the conformity of the crowd. Smith always believed he was faithful to the truth of the Bible, and yet he had a rare gift of humor, for once when a very pious lady asked how, if the truth of the Bible was one and the same thing, as it was, he could change his theology so frequently, he answered, "The Bible is like a fiddle. You can play on it any tune you want."

Yet is it not fitting that such a man should be honored? And the Centennial showed the advance of religion, and the prophecy of the future. For one thing, the meetings were held in the Christian church first. From there they adjourned to the Methodist. Then they passed to the Unitarian. The Congregationalist came next in order. The hospitality of the Universalists was enjoyed, and the final meeting took place in the Christian, which Elias Smith organized. Smith and the early fathers thought they had a platform upon which all Christians could unite, taking Christian for their only name, the Bible for their only creed, character their only test of fellowship, and Christ for their only leader. They were disappointed in the time, yet who can say that their dream will not be realized in the future? At this centennial interdenominational religious journals, the *Sunday School Times* and *Christian Endeavor World*, were represented. A representative of the fiery *"Zion's Herald"* spoke in the Universalist church, followed by a Unitarian minister and a Universalist minister speaking on the religious journalism of their respective denominations. "And not a wave of Andover rolled across their peaceful breasts." All came and went with the friendliest feeling.

Some good Baptist brethren a hundred years ago excommunicated Elias Smith, but now representatives of the Baptists and Free Baptists brought their greetings and helped make the Anniversary a success. So does time do its work of cutting through the hard rock and polishing off the rough corners.

The note of further progress was sounded by Rev. F. H. Peters in his address, "The Religious Press, the Exponent of Religious Freedom," in which he pleaded for the advance step of listening to every man irrespective of his theology, whose character and ability implied the value of his message. And another speaker prophesied of the time when Liberal and Evangelical, Orthodox and Liberal would be no more.

The following Centennial hymn, by Rev. Thomas S. Weeks, of Troy, O., was suggestive of the aspiration if not the attainment of the Centennial:

Our father's God, we raise
To Thee our hymn of praise
  For gospel light.
It shines from sea to sea,
Before it shadows flee,
It set the bondmen free
  From error's night.

Author of Liberty—
Whose Spirit makes us free,
  Thy name we love;
Release the fettered mind,
The shackled soul unbind,
And unto all mankind—
  Thy presence prove.

Thy Spirit man has freed
From letter and from creed
  In other days;
The wineskins that are old
The new wine cannot hold,
Thou dost thy truth unfold—
  In wondrous ways.

Upon the printed page,
From pen of saint and sage,
  The light doth shine.
It shows the onward way,
It heralds coming day,
Revealing in each ray
  The will divine.

One hundred years have gone,
The day begins to dawn
  When souls are free;
The vision of the years,
Delayed by doubts and fears,
Within thy church appears—
  Blest unity.

Thou Herald of the right;
Long may the gospel light
  Illume thy page!
For truth and unity,
For love and liberty,
May all thy witness be—
  From age to age.

CARLYLE SUMMERBELL.

Fall River, Mass., Sept. 20, 1908.

The Bonny Forest Bramble

The bramble, the bramble, the bonny forest bramble,
  Doth make a jest
  Of silken vest
That will through the greenwood scramble.
The bramble, the bramble, the bonny forest bramble.

The courtly pad doth amble,
When his gay lord would ramble,
  But both may catch
  An awkward scratch,
If they ride among the bramble.
The bramble, the bramble, the bonny forest bramble.

—*T. L. Peacock.*

Fourth International Congress of Religious Liberals

The Fourth (Boston) International Congress of Religious Liberals, at its closing session, held in Sanders' Theater, Harvard University, on September 26, 1907, after listening to an illuminating address by Prof. Edward Montet, D. D., dean of the Theological Faculty of the University of Geneva, Switzerland, on "John Calvin and the Reformation Monument in Geneva," adopted the following resolution, offered by Rev. Dr. James M. Whiton, of the New York *Outlook*:

"*Resolved,* That this Congress has learned with great satisfaction of the movement initiated at Geneva, and seconded in various European countries and in America, to mark in 1909 the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Calvin by a monument in that city commemorating that illustrious man, and the influences proceeding from him, and from the great men to whom he passed on the torch of progress, for the advancement of freedom, education, and ethical religion. . . . This Congress heartily commends the proposed memorial to the favorable regard and coöperation of all who stand for a free church in a free state, for individual liberty under individual responsibility, and for the religious unity of all faithful souls."

The meeting furthermore adopted a second resolution, presented by the Executive Committee, through Dr. Whiton, as follows:

"*Resolved,* That this Congress also expresses its sympathy with the action taken toward the erection of a monument in the ancient city of Vienne, France, in commemoration of its former distinguished citizen and good physician, Michael Servetus, the martyr to freedom of thought and religious veracity."

These two undertakings, both of great historical and religious interest, having thus received the indorsement of the International Congress of Religious Liberals, it now remains for its members and friends to give practical expression to their sympathy and promised coöperation.

The committee trusts that its appeal in behalf of both these meritorious causes will meet with a generous response by the liberal public. If we are to deserve and retain the friendship and coöperation of our allies in other lands, we must sympathize with their aspirations and lend a hand in their endeavors for our common cause.

Subscriptions for either or both of these memorials may be made and the money sent to Rev. C. W. Wendte, secretary of the International Congress, 25 Beacon street, Boston, Mass., who will acknowledge and forward all such gifts to the local committees of the Calvin and Servetus monuments in Europe. Any person subscribing one dollar or over will have his or her name inscribed on the roll of donors printed by the local committees, and will receive in some form a pictorial representation of the monument aided.

SAMUEL A. ELIOT, *President,*
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FRANKLIN C. SOUTHWORTH,

Executive Committee of the Fourth International Congress of Religious Liberals.

The Calvin-Reformation Monument at Geneva

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.
—*Alfred Tennyson.*

Concerning the Calvin monument at Geneva, Professor Montet, in his admirable address before the Congress, speaking as a religious liberal, felt it incumbent upon him to condemn in John Calvin the "narrow dogmatism and intolerance which led him into the worst excesses of persecution." But he maintained that the illustrious services which Calvinism rendered the people of the modern world in emancipating them from ecclesiastical tyranny, and promoting energy of the moral character and a more spiritual type of religion, and especially in planting the seeds of democracy in church and state, far outweighed the incidental blemishes and transient errors of its history. The theological narrowness and intolerance of John Calvin are being rapidly outgrown by the men and women of this generation who were reared under its influence. The moral and religious earnestness, the love of civil and religious liberty, which his personal genius directly and indirectly bestowed upon the race, remain the permanent treasure of modern civilization. The strong and advancing nations of Europe and America are those which have felt the influence of the sanative and invigorating spirit of this "father of modern democracy," as witness Switzerland, France, Great Britain, Germany, Holland, and the United States.

It is most fitting that a monument to commemorate the genius and influence of this remarkable man in initiating and establishing the Protestant Reformation should be erected in Geneva, which for more than a quarter of a century, and until his death, was the scene of his epoch-making labors.

No people have more reason to join earnestly and gratefully in this undertaking than the citizens of the great American republic, especially the spiritual descendants of the New England Puritans, whose inspiration for their lofty mission came chiefly from their Calvinistic faith.

The monument, for which a commanding site on the Boulevards of Geneva has been granted by the city authorities, will be an imposing work of art and international in its character. Besides statues of Calvin and his associates, Farel, Beza, and John Knox, it will commemorate the great men who were the chiefs and protectors of the Calvinistic branches of Protestantism, such as Admiral Coligny, William the Silent, Oliver Cromwell, and one of the Pilgrim Fathers of New England. It will be further adorned with bas-reliefs illustrating great events in Protestant history, among which the sailing of the "Mayflower" will not be forgotten. The cornerstone will be laid in the summer of 1909, with appropriate services, during the celebration of the 350th anniversary of the founding of the University of Geneva by John Calvin and others. The scope and time of completion of the work await the generous action of the Protestant world.

There is a special reason why religious liberals should coöperate in this undertaking. Five years ago, in the same city of Geneva, there was unveiled an impressive monument to Michael Servetus, the great-souled victim of John Calvin's intolerance. It was erected, as the inscription sets forth, by the spiritual descendants of Calvin (that is, by the Presbyterians of Switzerland, France, and Holland), as a sorrowful expiation of the tragic deed of 1553, and a tribute to the heroic devotion to religious freedom and veracity of this early martyr of Protestant intolerance. Coming from such a source, the placing of this expiatory monument has been rightly esteemed one of the noblest deeds of the opening century, and a remarkable exhibition of those characteristic traits of religious liberty and charity which distinguish our age from that of Calvin.

It now devolves upon us, professed liberals in religion, to make an equal exhibition of large-heartedness and tolerance, and to join effectively in this movement to commemorate the spiritual heroes of our faith, whose doctrines we have in large part outgrown, but whose independence, courage, and self-sacrifice for God and humanity will ever be the admiration and encouragement of the ages. The leading liberals of Europe have already taken this step. On the central committee are to be found the honored names of Baron Von Schickler, Pastor Charles Wagner, and the late Prof. Jean Réville. In this country President Charles W. Eliot, Charles Francis Adams, Andrew D. White, United States Secretary of Commerce Oscar Straus, and Mr. Edwin D. Mead are foremost in commending this cause to their fellow Americans.

THE MICHAEL SERVETUS MONUMENT AT VIENNE.

By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet
I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever, with the cross that turns
not back,
And these mounts of anguish number how each generation learned
One new word of that grand *Credo* which in prophet-hearts hath burned
Since the first man stood, God-conquered, with his face
to Heaven upturned.

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes, they were souls
that stood alone,
While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious stone,—
Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden beam
incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith
divine;
By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's
supreme design.
—*James Russell Lowell.*

It remains for the committee to commend to the members of the recent International Congress of Religious Liberals, and the friends of liberty of conscience everywhere, the second of these memorial undertakings indorsed by the meetings in Boston—the monument to expiate the persecution of Michael Servetus in Vienne, France.

In this ancient city of Dauphiny a spontaneous movement arose two years since, among a group of liberals, of Roman Catholic antecedents, to do honor to this great scholar and man of science, who, for a number of years just previous to his death, resided in Vienne, engaged in the practice of his profession as a physician and in scholarly researches and scientific investigations. Servetus, as is well known, anticipated Harvey in discovering the circulation of the blood. The eminent geographer, Elisée Reclus, calls him " one of the founders of comparative geography." He was also a religious thinker of force and fearlessness, and a learned student of the Bible. It was in Vienne that he wrote his famous book, "Christianity Restored," whose publication was to cost him his life. Denounced to the church authorities as a denier of the Trinity in the Godhead and a dangerous heretic, Servetus was arrested and thrown into prison. His condemnation and death by burning would have been inevitable, had he not been enabled, through the mediation of grate-

ful patients, to escape from jail and flee from the city, only to suffer a like fate a few months later in Geneva at the hands of an intolerant Protestantism. The fanatical Roman clergy had to content themselves with burning him in effigy in the public square of Vienne, together with nearly the whole edition of his book.

It is to do honor to these eminent services and heroic aspects of his career, and to protest against all forms of bigotry and intolerance, whether clerical or secular, that this movement to honor Servetus has been inaugurated. It enjoys the countenance and support of the mayor and chief dignitaries of Vienne. The city has granted a site and voted a subvention to it. Some of the most eminent representatives of French literature, science, and politics, are enlisted in its behalf, among them men of state like Clemenceau, Brisson, Bourgeois, Briand, Doumergue, the scientists Berthelot, Carnot, Haeckel, and Lombroso, and the deans of the medical faculties of France. Contributions to the fund have also been made by lovers of freedom of thought and conscience the world over.

The design by the sculptor Bernard is both original and impressive. It represents with startling realism Servetus at the stake, his face and bearing expressive of unfaltering courage and faith. Below are figures symbolizing Science, free and triumphant, Truth and Love. There are also bas-reliefs. The entire production is intended to express that modern spirit of tolerance and love of truth which has replaced the passion and fanaticism of the past.

It is hoped to unveil the statue in the summer of 1909, and that American advocates of religious liberty and toleration may be generously represented among the contributors.*

*It seems necessary to say that the projected Servetus monument for Geneva, for which appeals have recently been issued by ex-Senator Dide and associates, meets with the strong disapproval of our International Committee. It would be an unnecessary duplication in that city. Its motives are not above suspicion. It is universally condemned by our liberal allies in Europe, and, finally, the city authorities of Geneva have refused to grant it a location.

Thou Art O God

"The day is thine, the night also is thine: thou hast prepared the light and the sun.

"Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: thou hast made summer and winter."—(*Psalm* 74:16, 17.)

Thou art, O God, the life and light
  Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
  Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine!

When Day, with farewell beam delays
  Among the op'ning clouds of Even,
And we can almost think we gaze
  Through golden vistas into heaven—
Those hues that make the Sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are thine.

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
  O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
  Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are thine.

—*Thomas Moore.*

"Whether we be young or old,
Our destiny, our being's heart and home
Is with Infinitude, and only there;
With Hope it is, Hope that can never
  die,
Effort and expectation and desire,
And something evermore about to be."

THE PULPIT

The Ministry of a Living Church

By Vernon Mosher Cady.

Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the custom of some is, but exhorting one another. Heb. X:25.

It cannot be maintained that the call of the church to the souls of men is either loud, long or insistent today. The spirit within her ancient form is weakened by many and grievous ills and annoyances. She who was the mother of all the arts and culture of the ages is loath to change the processes of her maternity and bring forth a species fitted for a larger world and more gigantic powers. The children that ought to be hers are now finding the light by adopted parents. So the old church has suffered by the drafting of her life-blood into other forms of institutional activity—into education, art, literature, science and nature culture. But if the church in her worn-out life is tottering toward death and extinction, religion is still with us, we are told, as young and as fresh as in the morning of life. The old and decaying body which religion has animated for so long, she has now deserted, and is spreading herself over the wide world seeking incarnation and bringing into perfection and wholeness and unity a thousand unrelated and tentative activities of men. If this be really true, why should we of the church sorrow when we, the deserted, see the spirit which is coming over a new world? Why should we not rejoice when we see religion too large and big for gothic arch and transept, for articles of faith or even the covenant of a free church? For the free church can in no wise flatter herself that she has in any way escaped the pressure of the tide.

But though life and faith may have left the church, yet it is but for a season. The fields are left fallow that out of the decay new life may come. Some few seeds there are which are planted and which sustain the races until again all the fields shall be sown. These few that remain as the progenitors of a new time are as the living church of today, few in number but great with potency of things to come. It is not with the future that we are now concerned, but with the ministering possibilities of the church of today.

The Ministry of a Living Church—is such a church possible in these times—in these times when men, women and children are in hot search for every conceivable kind of pleasure, and who take no thought for the morrow of their own lives or of the welfare of society? I answer that the living church is still possible. The answer is contained in its own ministry and within its own possibilities.

Let us review, briefly, some of the difficulties that the church has to meet today, before we point out the various ministries of the church. Never before has the world been so impatient for immediate, concrete, visible and swift results for any expenditure of energy or of money. To meet this, in its way, legitimate demand, the church has sometimes introduced manual and industrial work. Somewhat the same eager demand has filled the ranks of the Christian Scientists, for here health, wealth and prosperity are promised. Thousands have left the church entirely because it has promised so little material good. Men went to church in the olden days because they were promised a material good in a coming world, and now that this is somewhat doubtful they have preferred to invest in the comforts and luxuries of a present world. Our

liberal faith is in a peculiarly bad position in this respect, for it promises nothing in a material way, not even the social credit that the older institutions possess.

Once more, the enlightenment, the widened sphere of knowledge has come upon the world so rapidly that the church has had no time to adjust herself. Men have drifted beyond their old landmarks and have had no time to select new ones. The church is still thinking in terms of individual salvation of one form or another; even the liberal doctrines are so framed, while the race itself, in its blind way, is thinking more and more of a social salvation and of social progress.

Skepticism has driven its probe into the very heart and tissue of religion. Men, indeed, are not failing to ask who and what is this being called God? All that we know, they say, comes to us through trial and error, failure and success, pain and pleasure, ignorance and self effort. Is not this idea of God merely a way that the earlier times had of expressing their ideals, and has not the idea of God been used to terrorize, dominate and exploit the many? All of these questions have been used to undermine the power of the church. She is bound to answer them in a way satisfactory to men, or shift her points of reference in a new triangulation of truth.

Then, once more and finally—men and women through a general enlightenment have grown so critical and demand so much of the pulpit that the profession of the ministry has become one of the most difficult of the world today. The minister, in order to receive a sustained support, must possess the triple power of the priest, the organizer and the orator, and withal must have a spiritual outlook and personality. Few men are able to combine all of these faculties and abilities. Rather we all tend to specialize and bring to maturity some one power.

These are a few of the distempers in the body of the church. In the midst of her weakness does she still utter her call to the souls of men? Can she still minister to them?

The seed of eternity is within the church and she must live again. In her resurrected life, in her passage through this fiery ordeal within which she is at present, she shall be purified and cleansed of the impurities which have clung to her as she has made her way down the halls of time. She shall leave behind her all claim to special knowledge or unique grace. She shall take her place upon the platform occupied by the rest of the forces at work in the world for good. The inflated, unreal and mysterious sanctity which has been attached to the church and clergy through the ages, the "watered stock" of religion, is rapidly passing away.

A new sense of reality is coming into the church, and, as a result of this, minister and layman have been brought closer together than ever before. They are both upon a common platform, and the special training of the minister does not alter this fact. The minister no longer has the weight of a sacred tradition behind him. He, like the educator, is making an investment in social influence, and he has only the facts of life and experience to which he can appeal. So the new demands upon the minister are in no wise greater than the new demands upon the layman. The church no longer counts upon the masses; it can no longer appeal to a crowd enthusiasm; no longer appeal to a racial tradition. Today it is the loyal and responsible souls which are its stay. It is to those who are willing to give of their life, as well as to get, that the church looks for its safeguard and conduct through this age of trial. The special curse of the church today is the presence of those who would drink of her fountains and sweet waters, but who would make no return,—Men and women who crowd to some new and passing eloquence, but who are easily satisfied, or who are anxious to wing their way and sip the honey of some new flower.

But notwithstanding this encroachment of all the superficial and crudely optimistic sides of life, and the increasing throng of those who have no church attachments and want none, and who use the services of the church only in important events of life, and only because this is the conventional thing to do; notwithstanding this, I say, never was the opportunity of the church greater than today. Never was there a brighter hope ahead of her, except in the days of her birth, than just now. Only to see the true situation is to see this. It is not solace that we would have, but facts. The facts are these. The membership and even the visitors of the church have been narrowed and selected to those who have real, living interest in her, and who are in deadly earnest about the spiritual ends of life. These men and women are no longer concerned about personal salvation and the hereafter, but have interests as pure and impersonal as any ethics could require. Never was the standard of the pews higher than today. This cannot be said of the pulpit, for naturally its change in response to the times is slower, but it probably can be said in the coming generation, for no man or woman will enter the pulpit who does not believe in it with all his or her heart.

Now the hasty in thought say: "Of what use is it to redeem the already redeemed, to continue to preach to those who already accept and in good measure practice the preaching?" "Thousands without," they say, "need seriously just this preaching, and these will never listen." "The church is bound," say these people, "to reduce itself to a small clique of the saved." The answers to these objections are: Truly the church would succor, would uplift, would nourish, would stimulate gladly the whole world of humanity, but she cannot demean herself, she cannot forsake her high function of spiritual leadership, of a spiritual interpreter of life, even though she perish. The church has been divested of many of her more concrete means of attracting men, and she has been made to declare her purpose. That few care for that supreme purpose is not her fault. She must not sell her birthright; in her anxiety to reach men she must not take to herself their standards and estimates; she must not cater to the material life. It is better that she reserve herself, that she wait a better time, giving forth to those that she may reach the best that she has.

And then the criticism that the church is engaged in the circular process of redeeming the already redeemed, reveals but a shallow conception of what the possibilities of life and experience are. The living church can never be a "band of the saved," or the "morally secure," or the "spiritually born." A man can much less exhaust the resources of the spiritual infinite than he can reach the limits of modern educational instruction. The best possible and the only rational church is a band of *growing* souls. The new and common basis upon which pastor and people rest, of which I have spoken, brings into even greater prominence this conception of mutual coöperation, of strength, of hope and endurance shared in a task of

stupendous magnitude. And just because the group has been reduced and narrowed by circumstances over which we have no control, a new opportunity is presented. A greater earnestness discovers greater possibilities. The ground for new hope and reanimation is all the more certain. For as the church spreads out over masses that she cannot assimilate, so her spiritual life and efficiency must grow thin and shallow. In times past, it was necessary for the church to discharge many functions of a secular and material nature, from which she has been relieved. In the future, the preliminary work of training and assimilating to higher ideals and personal economy will be done in large part by other agencies, as the school and the press. To the church is given the opportunity for greater precision, for greater refinement, for the introduction of new and enlarged visions and experiences which presupposes successful living upon the common levels of life. The call of the church is now a call for the earnest searching of the depths of the infinite, a more serious and painstaking interpretation of life. A means to this is a closer bond and fellowship of love of members one with another. The means to this is also not great or inspired preaching solely, but the free circulation of master thoughts within the body. If a church would be living, it must have the same action and response, the same sensitiveness, the same plasticity, the same growing power, the same mutual dependence of parts, that a living body has, but in terms of ideas rather than matter.

Let us look at closer range at some of the specific ministries which a living church may afford.

The living church will minister, in a legitimate way, to the social needs of men and women, and it will, in the meantime, strengthen its own solidarity through the bonds of affection which it will fashion between member and member. This community life furnishes a basis for higher attainments and should not be neglected.

Besides this social side of life, the living church ministers to its members in time of sore need. No human being may escape these critical moments, no matter what his circumstances. And at the moment the support of friends who have formed their association with special reference to just the meaning of these hours of sorrow, makes this support doubly blessed, and indeed, about the hour of death the church may often throw a glorious light.

But life is full of sorrows which are not critical, but are in the nature of disappointments. Life is a failure for the majority of men, judged by their own standards. The wear and tear and friction of life are almost fatal unless some inner flame, some inner contentment and reassurance is fed and nourished.

Another great minister of the church is the moral assistance rendered to the business man and all others who face the increased temptations which are present in business and finance. Strange as it may seem, many a great business man goes to church and some have confessed the need of stiffening in their moral vertebræ. No human being, no matter what his moral training or the purity of his conscience, is entirely proof against the tremendous temptations of today without a continued renewal and refreshing of the sources of his moral life. It is morally more difficult to live in the world than ever before, and we need the best powers of intellect in order to appreciate the consequences of action.

And then we come to another great ministry and function of the church, which we believe to be one of the special aims of our liberal faith. It is a supreme question in our day as to what use we are to make of all the immense body of natural knowledge over and above an economic use. It is the supreme task of the intellect to interpret the world in terms of spirit. Only a fraction of this task has been accomplished, but every thinker knows that the whole world of life and matter and law must finally be seen in organic relation to spirit before human life can come to its greatest fullness. Religion then must some day interpret the world truly, and all of us stand in very great need of being shown the latent beauties, the significance, even the symbolism in natural things. For three-fourths of the civilized world, natural law is a stumbling block, a source of moral and spiritual confusion, with strong materializing tendencies.

Beside the natural world we have the great field of human association, and this is being explored and mapped in terms of natural law, and, like the physical world, it is charged with significance for human welfare and personal and social progress. If men are less interested in purely religious treatments of life, they are more largely interested in social questions. Society is becoming socially self-conscious, and great good may be anticipated in the near future from this deepening interest in social brotherhood. The problems, however, of society are more and more difficult of solution, and increase with the increasing complexity of human relations. The pulpit of a living church will then give heed to social science and social practice. Every thinking man and woman feels the great need of points of reference; we all need to get into right relations with ourselves and the rest of the universe, therefore the wise, wholesome, sane life will leave nothing out of account which is capable of exerting influence.

In the order of value and importance, we come then to that department of life which we have come to know as religious. Man is now no longer the child of circumstance, the offspring of a natural world, a being whose perfection is that of harmony with the quiring spheres, but, on the other hand, is a member of an immortal society of persons within whose luminous minds the glory of God is perfectly reflected. Sorry indeed is the life of the man or woman who turns carelessly away from the realm of the mystics or the spiritually great of the race. Forever imperfect must remain the soul of the one who turns not to the limpid depths of his own spirit. It is roundness and wholeness that we most need, life with the upward look as well as the horizontal. In order to get meaning out of nature, society and history we must not only look with a long perspective, but from a great eminence. For if there is nothing more than life and death and social aggregation, the game is not worth the candle. But this cannot be so, for the quiet and purified heart testifies from age to age of intimations of other things. But the majority of us are dull of hearing and do not catch these fainter tones. The great prophets of the ages and of today are full of sorrow for us in the midst of our petty happinesses, for they know that we are as they who sleep and dream, they know that we are ignorant of the true happiness which is everlasting. They know how blind we are to the true issues of life. Those who live upon a higher plane cannot help being grieved for those upon a lower, and would stretch out the helping hand.

Unless the church is lifting you to this more permanent and perfect life its ministry is a failure. In order to bring this about the minister of a living church will sometimes say plain, straight things to you. He will be more busied with what is going on in your own hearts than what is being taught in his neighbor's church. As has been well said: "Woe to the minister who treads upon people's political toes, but more woe to the church the minister of which never offers a shoe that pinches and never disturbs the complacency, prejudice or preferences of his listeners." The minister says things that hurt because he loves his people; he would cauterize the old sores in the moral and spiritual body, he would remove the obstructions that prevent the free flowing of the spiritual waters of life. Physics knows that within the "field" of the magnet many otherwise impossible chemical and physical phenomena may be made to take place, so the earnest minister would strive to provide a "field" where mutations and transformations of the souls of men may be made to take place. The living church lives because it is in the hearts, not merely the heads, of its people. There must be warm life blood in it, rather than cold convention, and the minister that knows his business is going to bring that condition of things about in one way or another. If after long and sincere and heartwhole effort this proves impossible, he shall leave that sluggish stream and fish for men in other waters.

It is often said that our liberal faith has now delivered its message, and nothing remains to be done but to retire. No greater mistake could be made. Never had the liberal church a larger, fuller, more urgent message than today. Because men are disinclined to listen is no proof that there is no message. Humanity is in possession of much truth that is not utilized, but that is not the fault of the men who discovered it.

Says that saint of the liberal faith, Robert Coliver: "I will give place to no man in love to the true church, to some common home where men and women meet who are drawn together by mutual love; where they can no more help meeting than our children can help rushing home from school; a sort of divine brotherhood, in which every man feels some sorrow when trouble falls to any, and a common interest in each great joy, a church so true that if you dishonor one you dishonor every one, and that any man may be sure that his good name is safe while one is within earshot who worships in that place; a church where great reservoirs of power are filled full and held ready to be poured out whenever the true occasion comes to open the flood gates for God or man, and yet where there is such continued overflow that the store is kept sweet by its own generous flowing; a church where whatsoever things are true are welcome, and where there is such a constant deepening of the spiritual life manifested in the devout utterances of its prayers and praises, that every man is lifted nearer heaven at his need than he could hope to be by solitary meditation."

My friends, you can well afford to give yourself to the ministries of a living church. The best investment you can ever make in this world is to further the cause of a true church. The church calls you to her ministries, but she calls you out of the deeps of your own nature. It seeks not to control you or influence you for its own interests, but to restore you to yourself, to make you a more complete human being, fit to receive the heritage and to enter upon a divine destiny.

Do not forget, then, that the church for the moment has fallen upon evil days, but this may result in her purification and elevation through selective processes; that she is grievously burdened, but, like a staunch ship at sea, though damaged, yet bravely struggles with the sea and will yet make her port. The church ministers to your social, moral, intellectual, and lastly, your spiritual nature. She offers you a home where your best and purest interests are husbanded and developed. Place yourself under her protection, her tutelage, and she shall return you to yourself redeemed and wholesome, and shall send you upon your way into a lasting life of spiritual self-direction and self-mastery. So then: "Let us not be forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the custom of some is, but exhorting one another."

STUDY TABLE

Notes

The Political Science Quarterly for September is rather too strongly biased toward partisanship in its opening article on "Present American Politics," but it gives us a thoroughly admirable article on "Injunction in Labor Disputes." This *Quarterly* is published by Ginn & Co., and edited by the Political Science Faculty of Columbia University. It occasionally has an article that would honor a Tory in the time of Washington, but a political science student can hardly get on without it.

From the Outing Publishing Company I am in receipt of "The Sport of Bird Study," by Herbert Keightley Job. If there is a better book on bird study I should like to find it. It has the charm of not only being careful investigation, but of being possessed with a keen sympathy for bird life. The author loves an honest bird as much as he loves himself, and that is what you cannot say of some of these writers of Nature books—not even of John Burroughs. The Lord deliver us from a professional scientist, whose arrogance is far worse than that of a classicist whose soul is filled up with vowel points in Greek and the weight of particles in Latin. This sort of scientist has no knowledge of Nature except what he has measured with his calipers, and as for common people opening their eyes and ears to see for themselves, he sneers at it. Mr. Job sees something beside feathers and bones; he sees the relation of things. *The Outlook* has done us a specially good service in placing this beautiful book before us. It is dedicated by the author to his son George and All Other Real Live American Boys. You had better buy this book for your boy George. I said it was the best book on birds I had ever seen; but right with it I will place a really remarkable volume by Gene Stratton-Porter, entitled "What I Have Done with Birds." It is enough to say that Mrs. Porter wrote the book "Freckles," which we reviewed last year. Here is the same warm sympathy with bird life and an exquisite power of portraying in words what she feels. I am specially delighted with what she has to say about the catbird, for I know that bird thoroughly. I do not know what it is about this book that makes it so very different from ordinary Nature books. It seems to be alive, and what is talked about seems to be just now going on. The description of the heron fishing is perfect, and so is that of the mourning dove. I do not see how I can get along without saying that these two books should be in every boy's hands and in every

girl's. Keep track of them for your Christmas presents. The fact is I cannot say enough about them.

"The Last of the Plainsmen," by Zane Grey, is sent me by the Outing Publishing Company, and it is one of the most enthralling stories I have read for many a day. The illustrations are as good as the text, and the text is so good that I am already rereading several chapters. I have never seen described in words anything more powerful than the story of "The White Mustang." You can afford this volume as one of the thoroughly good story books of the year.

Every one who likes camping out or country life in any form, should buy and carry with him a little volume of Oliver Kemp's, called "Wilderness Homes," a book of the log cabin. It is as useful as it is beautiful, and will come handy anywhere and everywhere that you can find a bit of wild land. It is a book that I would not be without for ten times the cost of it. It is published by the Outing Company of New York. Mr. Kemp gives full plans for building log houses, block houses and all sorts of wild wood houses.

I have been particularly fortunate in the bunch of books which has recently come in. A little handbook of "Woodcraft and Camping," by Horace Kephart, and published by the Outing Company, proves to be a really remarkable piece of work. I never saw anything that compared with it in value. Any one who lives in the country, whether he camps out or not, will find this of great value. There is a chapter on Forest Travel, which will keep you from losing your bearings; and another on Edible Plants in the wilderness, containing information invaluable to everybody. Another chapter on Accidents includes remedies for snake bites and how to treat wounds, while still another chapter covers the question of pests in the woods. Camp cookery and dressing game are discussed, as well as how to set up a tent or hut, and how to meet any possible contingency of snowstorms in the winter, and getting lost in the summer. The talk about Emergency Food gives me information of decided value for home life. In fact I have here a little book that will surely not get into the package given to the public library.

From Funk & Wagnall's comes a little volume entitled "A Common Sense View of the Mind Cure." It is not a Christian Science book in the ordinary sense of that word, but it gives us an application of the most recent scientific knowledge bearing on health without drugs. I pronounce it the best book on the subject I have ever seen, and a good deal the best. If we could get this little volume into the hands of every one afflicted with rheumatism, and catarrh, or leanness, or some other of the common ills, we should be well on the road toward curing them.

I am almost afraid to add one more to this list of books, for fear my readers will think I am in a peculiarly amiable mood. I will make it up next time. I wish however to call special attention of educational people, all those interested in the present evolution of industrial education, to a book by Professor Bailey, of the New York Agricultural College, at Ithaca, entitled "The State and the Farmer." It is published by the Macmillan Company, of New York. The object of this book is to discuss the relation of the government to the farmer. Professor Bailey writes so many books that he has formed a habit of just shooting ahead, without any great consideration of literary style or order. But I assure you that he always gets there, and he talks right to the point. This book is the best book he has written, because it handles topics that concern every farmer in the United States. We are going through a tremendous revolution. Our schools have got to teach what is wanted on the farm. We cannot afford any longer to turn our boys and girls over to the schools to have them made into clerks and storekeepers. We want them taught those things that will make them love the country and home, and be able to do more wisely those things that pertain to rural life. Our cities are big enough, and many of them have become nothing more than herds of humanity involving degeneration and rot—physical and moral. Our schools have got the job to do, and they will have to do it on a different line from their usual method of work. What the Government has to do along this line of reform we shall learn from Professor Bailey. It is possible that President Roosevelt's commission may be of some use, but we doubt it. E. P. POWELL.

Whither the Church

How old is God? Ageless, indeed, if he
Exist objectively; but otherwise,
How old is God? Is he, unto the world,
A mighty reflex of a mighty love—
A hark-back to that spheric minstrelsy
The ancient sacred legends tell us of?
However that, the vast momentous fact
Pales notably within the baleful light
Of Satan's majesty, so mightier, he,
For evil than is his antagonist
For good. He, by his dark infernal might
Deep doomed the world—the master tragedy
Of all time, place and space!

Then God, with zeal
To reconcile himself unto himself,
Devised a scheme whereby a scanty few
Might doubtfully escape the ruthless pangs
Of an eternal hell. Whence, is it true
That, at first hand, the devil built the church?
And is it true, as unregenerates say,
That as the devil dies, so dies the church?
And Satan's dying fast; the tears and blood
From out the martyr past are putting out
The fires of hell, and soon it will be true
That Satan's occupation will be gone.
'Tis seen the world incomparably improves
As Satan sinks back toward a waiting and
A welcoming oblivion. How purer then
Will be our ethics, freed from taint of fear!
The world is dancing now in prospect of
The Demon's passage out of time; but as
He dies, so dies his weak protagonist,
The god of old. The world does move, and it
Will celebrate its riddance of these dark
And hoary myths till it shall grow into
Perennial jubilee!

But what then of
The church? Its remnant—if so much be left—
Will build anew. Of superstitious taint
Quite freed, 'twill build a god anew—a god
That shall be God. Its function then 'twill be
To magnify this-worldliness, and preach
The hope, at least, of other-worldliness.
By all the tests of all the logic of
Events and common sense, this forecast seems
Quite easily and fully justified,
Except to them that do not, cannot catch
The modern urgent stress and trend of things.

Cleves, Ohio. WILLIAM COLBY COOPER.

THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, Kentfield, Marin Co., California.)

Helps To High Living

SUN.—Everything in this world depends on distinctness of idea and firmness of purpose.

MON.—There is nothing in which people more betray their character than in what they find to laugh at.

TUES.—True individuality can only properly be made prominent through good manners.

WED.—Everything that happens to us leaves some trace behind it; everything contributes imperceptibly to form us.

THURS.—Limit your wants; the *must* is hard, and yet solely by this *must* can we show how it is with us in our inner man.

FRI.—One should not speak, publicly at least, of one's own faults, or those of others, if one does not hope to effect some useful purpose by it.

SAT.—There is no outward sign of courtesy that does not rest on a deep, moral foundation. —*Goethe.*

The Burial of the Birds

CHICAGO, Aug. 15.—Two thousand birds were killed by the terrific storms of Tuesday and Wednesday in the groves near West Sixtieth and Ada streets, and today all the children in the neighborhood paid their last respects, including the following prayer, to their little friends that would sing no more:—

"We are very sorry, O God, that all the poor birds had to die, for we would like to have them stay around in the trees; but we need rain and we guess you know what is best, and we hope that you will take them all to Heaven."

With childish rites and genuine solemnity the little, feathery things were laid at rest. About the wide grave the children stood with bowed heads sobbing as they strewed simple flowers.—*Chicago paper.*

The rains of God came down,
  The storm-winds raved and prowled,
The lightnings stabbed the darkness through,
  The thunders shook and growled.

When sunshine came again,
  Blue sky and gentle breeze,
Two thousand little birds of God
  Lay dead beneath the trees.

And up amid the boughs
  The nestling homes were bare,—
No more the song among the leaves,
  The mother's brooding care.

'Twas in Chicago's Park:
  From out the houses near
The little children softly came,
  With faces all a-tear.

They gathered up the dead,
  They smoothed the rumpled wings,
And in a quiet, grassy grave
  They laid the feathery things.

Then covered all with flowers,
  And, dropping hand and head,
With half-hushed sobs they stood around,
  While one among them said:

"Dear God, we know not what
  It means that these must die;
We loved to hear them in the trees,
  We loved to watch them fly.

"But all our land needs rain,
  Our cities wide and hot;
So, if for us these birdies died,
  Show them some pleasant spot

"In heaven above, we pray,
  Where they may sing and nest,
And be with little angels glad.
  Dear God, thou knowest best!"

So came the rains of God
  To bless the country all;
So died the little birds of God;
  So prayed his children small.

W. C. G.

Siberian Ivory

Siberia furnishes a large quantity of ivory to the markets of the world, but the production of it belongs to another age and to a species of animal that does not now exist. The ivory is cut from the tusks of mastodons, whose skeletons are found frozen in masses of ice or buried in the mud of Siberian rivers and swamps. The northern portion of the country abounds in extensive bogs, which are called urmans. In these are found the tusks of the mastodon, from which it is inferred that these animals lost their lives by venturing upon a surface that would not bear their weight. Of this region and its products Dr. Charles Wenyon writes in his book, "Across Siberia on the Great Post-Road":

Even to wild animals these urmans are forbidden ground. The nimble-stepping, broad-hoofed reindeer can sometimes cross them safely in the summer-time, but most other large animals attempting to do so would quickly be engulfed, and this may be a partial explanation of the remains of mammoth and rhinoceros, which are so abundant and so widely diffused through these northern marsh-lands of Siberia.

In the museum at Tobolsk are numerous specimens of mammoth, and throughout this region they are by no means rare. When an ice-pack breaks down a river-bank, or floods tear up a frozen marsh, or the summer thaw penetrates a little more deeply than usual into the ground, some of these antediluvian monsters are very likely to be exposed.

In many cases the remains are so fresh and well preserved, with their dark, shaggy hair and underwool of reddish brown, their tufted ears and long, curved tusks, that all the aborigines, and even some of the Russian settlers, persist in the belief that they are specimens of animals which still live, burrowing underground like moles, and which die the instant they are admitted to the light.

The farther one goes northward the more abundant do these remains become. They are washed up with the tides upon the arctic shores, and some extensive islands of the coast contain great quantities of fossil ivory and bones.

Tusks which have been long or repeatedly exposed to the air are brittle and unserviceable, but those which have remained buried in the ice retain the qualities of recent ivory, and are a valuable article of merchandise. There is a great market for these mammoth tusks at Yakutsk, on the Lena, from which they find their way to the workshops of European Russia, and even to the ivory-carvers of Canton.

Various trinkets and works of art are made of these remains, and are sold at the shops, and especially at the museum, as mementoes of a visit to this graveyard of the mammoth. One of the favorite curios very accurately resembled slices of Russian bread and cheese. But the bread is really a transverse section of one of the long bones of a mammoth, and the cheese a piece of ivory from his tusk. The two, joined together, were sold at a price which enabled the ingenious contriver to obtain for himself many times their weight of the homely fare which they simulated.

Politeness before force.
If you bow at all, bow low.
Money makes a blind man see.
Better not be than be nothing.
Oblige and you will be obliged.
More trees are upright than men.
Gold is tested by fire; man by gold.
—*Chinese Proverbs.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

TOLSTOI AND THE SPY.—The following characteristic story of Tolstoi appeared in the *Journal de Genève* apropos of the widespread celebration of his eightieth anniversary:

It was the summer of 1897. I had been spending a fortnight at Yassnaïa Poliana, in the little pavilion in the park, reading those works of Tolstoi which I had not been able to procure in my native place. Notwithstanding a previous visit to Tolstoi, at Moscow, in 1896, several seemingly insoluble questions were still troubling me and I hesitated between the principle of non-resistance to evil and revolutionary activity.

A rumor became current that a spy had just established himself in the village of Yassnaïa Poliana for the purpose of keeping an eye on Tolstoi and his visitors. This made some of us quite uneasy. As for Tolstoi, he was much interested in the spy, and as soon as he could learn where he was staying began to visit him, always taking his Bible with him, for he wanted to "save" this man.

Almost every day Tolstoi might be seen after breakfast wending his way with rapid, nervous steps toward the lodging of the spy, the pockets of his long blouse of unbleached linen stuffed with books.

"Are you not afraid?" asked Sophia Andrievna, his wife, at breakfast, with natural alarm, "you know he might betray you."

"How betray me," asked Tolstoi, with a shrug of his shoulders. "The government knows it is I who wrote those books." And he kept on going to the spy. On his return, he would enthusiastically tell those about him how, little by little, the spy was coming under the influence of the Gospel.

"It is all very simple and natural," he would say; "the poor man never understood the teaching of Christ till now."

Once the man penetrated into the park of Yassnaïa Poliana. It was after breakfast. All were in the forest or at the village. Tolstoi was working in his subterranean cellar. I was cutting wood in the courtyard near by, not far from the kitchen. "Tell me, please, how I can get word to Count Tolstoi that I am here?"

He who thus questioned me had just entered the courtyard. He was a small, ruddy man, with a look of embarrassment in his eyes, and an air of mystery in bearing and gestures. "Hold—I have brought this book back to him," and he held out to me a copy of the Berlin edition of the *Reign of God.* I divined at once that this was the spy and my first feeling was one of disgust and contempt, but I repressed it.

"Ah! you wish to see Leo Nikolaïevitch? I will go tell him that you are here."

"No, no, I would rather wait for him here. See, I will sit down over there for a little while. He may come out of the house presently of his own accord. I would rather take my turn."

The man spoke hurriedly, all the time retreating toward the courtyard gate, near the "tree of the poor." Suddenly the tall form of Leo Nikolaïevitch appeared on the steps of the commons. He wore his customary white blouse fastened about the waist by a leather belt, and by way of head covering a white cap was oddly perched on his beautiful white hair.

"Ah! you have come, have you? That is good, very good, indeed. Come right into my room. I am quite at liberty."

Tolstoi's tone was joyous and caressing and he warmly pressed the hand of his visitor, as he led him toward his own apartment. I followed them.

"Be seated, be seated—no, here."

The man held out the book and seated himself on a chair back of the easy chair which Tolstoi had indicated.

"I have read it," he said. "It is interesting and it is true."

"Good, good. Tell me, did you understand this passage," said Tolstoi, turning to a certain page in the volume, and, as he spoke, glancing at this new reader of the *Reign of God,* with gentle kindliness.

"Yes, it is quite clear to me now," and the spy nodded his head in token of affirmation.

Two or three minutes more and Tolstoi and his spy were chatting with the utmost animation. Never during all my stay at Yassnaïa Poliana did I hear a more hearty, animated conversation. Tolstoi spoke more than his guest, who contented himself with an occasional remark and the explanation of how he understood what he had read. Squarely seated in his leather arm chair, his glowing, expressive eyes fixed on the spy, Tolstoi spoke like one inspired of spiritual regeneration, of the reign of God, of truth and of governmental violence toward the small and the weak. The man listened, and to judge by his brief observations, it was clear that he understood the most abstract statements of the master. Tolstoi made not the slightest allusion to the business of his guest. He was speaking to a *man* and all that concerned him was that this *man* should understand him. I was struck by this attitude and understood better than ever the reason of the enormous influence Tolstoi has over men. The secret of his power is this profound faith that even the vilest, most miserable creature can rise from his fall and become conscious of his high dignity.

When the man had gone, taking with him the second part of the *Reign of God,* Tolstoi exulted in his victory.

"He did not understand, or so it seemed to me," I observed, timidly, "your explanation of the birth of the spirit."

"No, it was you who did not understand," answered Tolstoi, shortly, in a troubled tone.

After supper Tolstoi came to seek me out in my pavilion. His eyes beamed with an extraordinary gentleness. I felt that he had not forgotten his somewhat rude reply. He seated himself beside me on the couch. He asked me, I remember, some questions about the book I had in my hand; then he said to me in a deep, sweet voice, soft as that of a child: "Many people reproach me with preaching the gospel and remaining at liberty; still others are afraid that this man, this spy, may betray me. This is frightful. And you, too, you have accused me of that—neither these nor those understand me. I desire imprisonment. I would go to prison gladly. I long to have the prison doors shut out from my sight this world of horrors. Then I should feel, should experience in my own soul what now I only see with my eyes from the outside."

As he spoke his features wore an expression of unspeakable sadness. I understood then how this man could wish to suffer for his ideas. When he speaks today about a rope about his bony old neck, one may see that he still has the same ideas, and that they are as living as ever.

Some months after my return home, I learned that the informer had given up his trade and that Tolstoi had got him a position with a Moscow publisher at 75 roubles a month. M. E. H.

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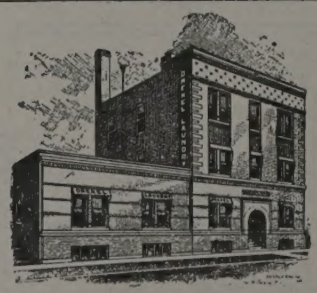

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